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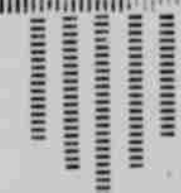
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Sentimental Values

By GRAHAM ZINGFIELD

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The girl with the mop of fair hair and the chin-blue eyes laid down the dollar on the counter and said to the shopman: "All right, I'll call in for it tonight and pay the balance." She nodded to the man and left the little store. That was about ten minutes before Joe Annerley happened along.

Joe was hurrying home from work and as he passed the little old "antique" shop he hesitated. It was raining and Joe hurried on that account, not because he was particularly anxious to arrive at his solitary bachelor apartment—nothing much to hurry home for when there is no one when you get there!

So Joe stopped and passed in among the antiques, or pieces of second-hand furniture, as they really were, and inquired the price of the elegant brass clock he had seen in the window.

"Fifty dollars!" No, fifty dollars was too much. He didn't really want it, and—

He was just turning to go when a picture hanging on the wall at the back of the store caught his glance. It was just one of those colored lithographs which, in a good frame, look so well hanging on a parlor wall, and it was enough to give a throb of homesickness to Joe, for that very picture, for an exact replica of it, had hung on the wall of his mother's parlor back in the old home town. There is nothing so reminiscent as the sight of a



"I'll Call for It Tonight."

picture which has been a familiar object in the years of long ago.

He turned to the proprietor of the store and asked the price.

"Sorry, mister," the man said, "but that picture is sold."

"Sold?" questioned Joe. "That sells me, too. But why is it hanging there if it's sold?"

"Well," said the man, "I guess I sh'd have taken it down. A young lady came in here not ten minutes ago and paid a deposit on it. She's fetching it this evening. And suiting the action to the word, he lifted down the picture and laid it to one side.

Joe turned away disappointed. He wanted that picture—it was just like a breath from the old home days. And some girl had beaten him to it—just his luck. He went into a "quick-lunch" and ate some supper—say, but a lonely man does have to eat anything that's handed to him—and went home to his apartment—bedroom and bath.

How should he spend the evening? A movie show? Shucks! What's the idea of watching a lot of girls making love all over the screen? Six on that. He was in need of lovenaking. The less of that picture was still floating him!

While Joe was in this frame of mind a certain young lady, of whose existence he was not even aware, was feeling quite elated. She had got back home from the office, and after eating her supper she was going to extract a certain number of dollars from a certain private cache and was going after that picture she had paid the deposit on. Funny how the same thing can have such opposite effects on different people. But then, of course, the girl had not lost the picture!

When Joe put on his hat that evening and set out to try and forget the old home days, his steps seemed naturally to bend themselves in the direction of the antique shop. The rain had stopped and a fresh wind was blowing. He was still feeling homesick on account of that picture, and was just wondering what had become of those friends of his boyhood, Bill Smith and Larry Jones and that freckled-faced Red, when, on turning a corner, he was violently bumped in the middle by some one carrying a bulky and remarkably hard parcel. Joe staggered from the sudden impact. He stooped to pick up his hat, and then looked to see what had caused it. Instantly he realized what had happened. He had met the girl with the picture! As though to confirm his suspicions, the girl playfully whipped up a corner of the home wrapping paper, and the

glimpse he got proved him to be correct.

Without taking his eyes off the coveted picture he addressed the girl. "Would you mind if I took a peep, a last peep at it?" he asked pleadingly.

The girl nodded. Evidently this man must be the one-time owner. She thrust the picture toward him, and Joe gazed at it long and earnestly.

"Guess you've seen it before somewhere?" she asked presently.

"I should say I have! Gee," he muttered, drinking in the familiar scene. "I wonder what has become of Bill Smith and Larry Jones and that freckled, red-faced kid?"

A smile unseated by Joe lighted the girl's face.

"And Effie Farmer?" she suggested. For a moment Joe wondered if his ears had deceived him. Then, wheeling round on her, he asked amazed:

"Say, were you ever in my home town?"

"I kind of think I must have been, one time," the girl answered reflectively. "I kind of think there was a boy called Joe Annerley lived there. But I can't be just sure."

She turned her head away—this man was staring at her so rudely. He seemed to have been stricken dumb, too. He just stared! He stared so long that she simply had to break the silence. But it was the man who spoke first after all. He had often wondered about the little girl who used to come to his mother's house, the two blond pigtails hanging down her back. But that was years ago. She must be quite grown up by this time.

"Did you know Effie?" he asked tensely.

The girl nodded. She still held her head averted, and Joe wished she would turn it into the zone of light made by the street lamp. But she did not seem interested. She had tucked the picture under her arm again and moved as if to pass on. Joe was desperate. In all the long years he had spent in the giant city he had never felt quite the loneliness that oppressed him tonight.

"Say," he asked wistfully, "do you ever hear from Effie these days?" If only he could get this girl to talk a little while it would help some. But he got no answer. Evidently she resented his persistence. Joe felt ashamed of himself and started to make matters worse with stammering apologies and exclamations. He didn't want to be rude, but he did want to hear news of the home folks and he wondered if Effie Farmer was married and where she was living. He—

At last the girl did turn. She lifted her face to where the light fell fully on it. A smile was on her lips—a smile composed of mischief, of petulance and not a little happiness. "Joe Annerley," she said, "I think you are very dull. If you happen to want to know, my name is Effie Farmer."

That did it! Joe took one good long last stare right into the girl's face, then, seizing the bundle from beneath her arm, laid it on the sidewalk. He opened his arms, then closed them again around the form of Effie Farmer.

"Effie, darling," he whispered, holding her close, "we've just got to share that picture—got to!"

And strangely enough a time came when the picture again hung on a parlor wall—their parlor wall.

STEAK HONORED WITH SALUTE

Acts of Mexican Soldiers Drew Witty Epigram From Imprisoned British Soldier.

Col. I. Thorpe-Gray, an "old-timer" of the British army, now chief of intelligence with the Canadian expeditionary force in Siberia, once was arrested in Hermosilla, Sonora, Mexico, where he joined the constitutional revolutionists, with whom he later served as a cavalry commander. The arrest was an error, but Gray didn't know it, neither did the Mexican captain in charge of an adobe house which served as a military jail. Colonel Gray demanded food after an elapse of 12 hours. He was brought a piece of half-raw steak wrapped in butcher's paper—no plate, knife or fork.

With an oath, the Britisher threw the steak, paper and all, out of doors. The guard, a squad of West Coast Indians, was lined up on either side of the entrance. The Mexican soldier, like the horse, exerts at sleeping while standing. As the steak and brown paper rustled by the guard awoke, and each man presented arms.

The prisoner finally got word to a friend, who arrived soon after with a fine meal and a bottle of champagne. The wine had been much jostled in the carriage, and when the wine was out the cork popped out with a noise like a pistol shot and the champagne was sprayed up to the ceiling. At this the guard at the door awoke the second time, and each man stepped back and threw a cartridge into the barrel of his Mauser.

"The Mexican makes the best soldier in the world—when he is asleep," said Gray, "always ready to give honors to a piece of steak or bottle with a bottle of wine."

Equal to the Occasion.

"One man who was sure he was letter-perfect in the part halted a lieutenant."

"Who goes there?" "Lieutenant Reckenridge, his wife, their infant daughter and one dog," was the answer.

"The sentry was equal to the occasion."

"The lieutenant will advance and be recognized," he said sternly. "His wife will stand at parade rest. The baby will mark time. The dog—about face and carry on!"

Green Tag Sale

Begins Thursday Morning
AUGUST 7th

Space will only allow us to list a few of our numerous bargains.

Men's Railroad Brand Bib Overalls, others sell this quality for \$2.00, our Green Tag Sale only **\$1.47**
Boys' Bib Overalls, regular \$1.50 grade, sale price **\$1.05**
Youths' Bib Overalls, regular \$1.25 grade, only **79c**

Men's regular \$1.25 Work Shirts, sale price only **89c**
Men's regular \$2.00 Dress Shirts, sale price only **\$1.49**
Police and Firemen Suspenders, sold the world over for 50 cents, Green Tag Sale Price **29c**

Green Tag Bargains in Summer Footwear

Women's reg. \$7.00 Patent Leather Pumps, Louis heels, only **\$4.92**
Women's regular \$7.00 Black Kid Pumps, Louis heels, only **\$4.97**
Women's reg. \$7.00 Brown Kid Colonial Pumps, Louis heels **\$3.97**
Women's reg. \$7.00 Patent Colonial Pumps, cut steel buckle, Louis heels, only **\$4.77**
Women's reg. \$5.50 Brown Kid Oxford, military heels **\$3.57**

Women's reg. \$5.00 Black Kid Oxford, military heels **\$3.27**
Women's regular \$5.00 Brown Kid Pumps, military heels **\$3.37**
Women's regular \$5.00 Gray Kid Pumps, military heels **\$3.17**
Women's regular \$4.00 Black Kid Pumps, military heels **\$2.97**
Women's regular \$3.50 White Poplin Pumps, Louis heels **\$2.77**
Fitz Liquid White Shoe Dressing, while it lasts, the bottle **6c**

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Business men, as well as those who motor for pleasure, have been quick to appreciate the superior features of the Gates principle, and among the thousands of testimonials which we hold, none are more enthusiastic than those from business concerns who are subjecting their Gates Half-Sole Tires to the wear and tear of commercial haulage.



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